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Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Eliza Symonds Bell, June 26, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Mrs. Alexander Melville Bell. Cambridge, Sunday, June 26th (1886.) My dear Mrs. Bell:

I hope you have not become quite so unaccustomed to my handwriting that you will have to look at the end of my letter to know who it is from!

I hope you are all quite well and Mary better. I wonder if you are spending Sunday at Colonial Beach and how you like it there. I hope you are not quite eaten up by mosquitos or blinded by send. We are still here but hope to leave tomorrow at half past twelve for Portland where we take the boat for St. Johns, N.B. I suppose we must remain there all day leaving at night for Halifax where we go to see about land in Cape Breton.

Mamma and Papa arrived here Friday night and we have found it delightful to be together in the old home, although the break in our family circle makes itself so keenly felt. Mamma is not as well or strong as we would like to see her, but we hope she will have plenty of time to rest here.

The children are away from me today, having gone yesterday to spend Sunday with their little cousins in Beverly Farms. I think they are having a good time with the two boys to play with and the sea and sands near, but I miss them very much.

It is so cool here that I am a little doubtful how we will like the temperature further North, but we have no time to lose if we will have a home ready to welcome our friends to this summer.

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I hope you have many drives behind our horses and that Perrin has taken you to many pretty places particularly through Papa's new road. Had you any idea before how many beautiful drives there were around Washington? You must not hesitate to use the horses as much as you like, because they must be exercised daily else they get out of condition. Alec seems very well and bright, he has given some of his work away, and promises only to prepare his materials for his memoir this summer. Just now he is deep in the Salem witchcraft and expects to find that some of his deaf-mutes were descended from reputed victims of witches. He read that one man was hanged because he had a peculiar cast in his eye! It makes one thankful to be born in this century.

When you write you had better send your letters to Baddeck, C.B. post-office to remain until called for. We shall go there directly from Halifax.

With love to Mr. Bell and my cousins,

Your affectionately daughter, Mabel G. Bell.